

# Jackson Browne, The Word Justice

A man stands up before God and country  
Raises his right hand and takes an oath  
Swears he has acted in the line of duty  
And he more than anyone wants to tell the truth

But there is a need to keep some things a secret  
Some weapons shipments--some private wars  
In the future democracy will be defended  
Behind closed doors

Now the men of Congress who convene to determine  
If covert war is a business or a crime  
Are the same men who routinely give their permission  
For the shedding of blood in security's name

And there is a need to keep some things a secret  
The names of some countries--the terms of some deals  
And above all the sound of the screams of the innocent  
Beneath our wheels

Does the word justice mean anything to you?  
Are the features of a lie beginning to come through?

In the streets of America the children are buried  
Caught in an avalanche of weapons and drugs  
They live and they die in the bowels of a business  
That's disguised as a war between The Crips and The Bloods

And there is a need to keep some things a secret  
The C.I.A. deals protecting the source  
And the government policies directly connecting the drugs and our wars  
Does the word justice mean anything to you?

As the battlefield comes home and democracy falls through  
I am waiting for the time to come  
When the word will be real for everyone  
And not just a word but a thing that can be done  
But justice must be won